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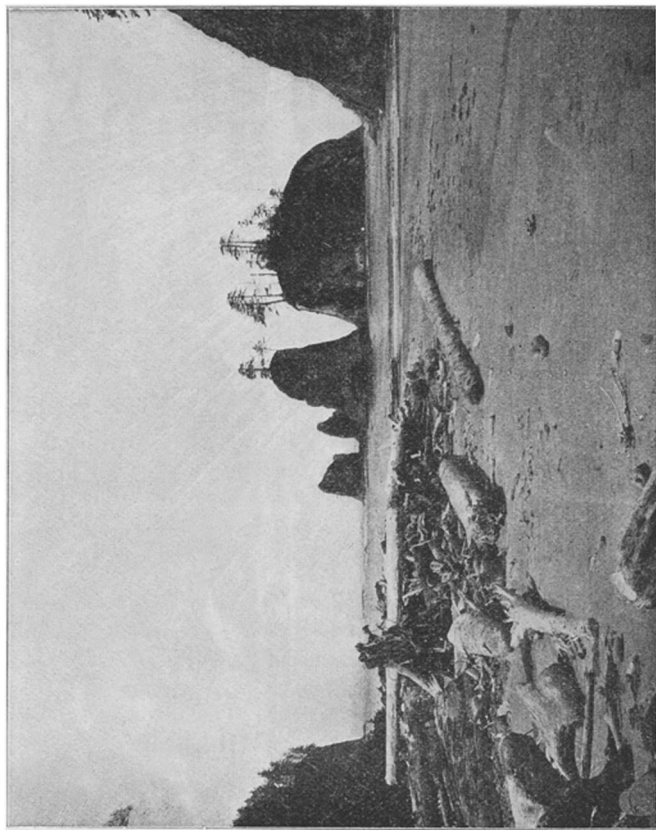
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Looking oceanward from the beach near the Indian burial ground, La Push, at high tide.
Typical verdure crowned rocks a mile off shore.

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JUNE WITH THE BIRDS OF THE WASHINGTON COAST.

AROUND CAPE FLATTERY.

LYNDS JONES.

June 3rd, 1907, was only a few minutes old when the expedition of which I shall speak in this and subsequent numbers of the Bulletin, began with the casting off from the wharf at Seattle. We were asleep, but that did not seem to hinder the departure of the boat.

Our party consisted of Rev. W. L. Dawson, two women who were in quest of information from the Indians and material for short stories, the writer, and an amount of baggage sufficient for an expedition to the South Pole. Since the expedition was to be one in which the camera must play the most prominent part, cameras and appropriate materials for this work bulked large and weighed heavy. Former experience with films had proved their unreliability for the finest work, so plates, heavy and fragile as they are, were taken by the gross. We would do the same thing again.

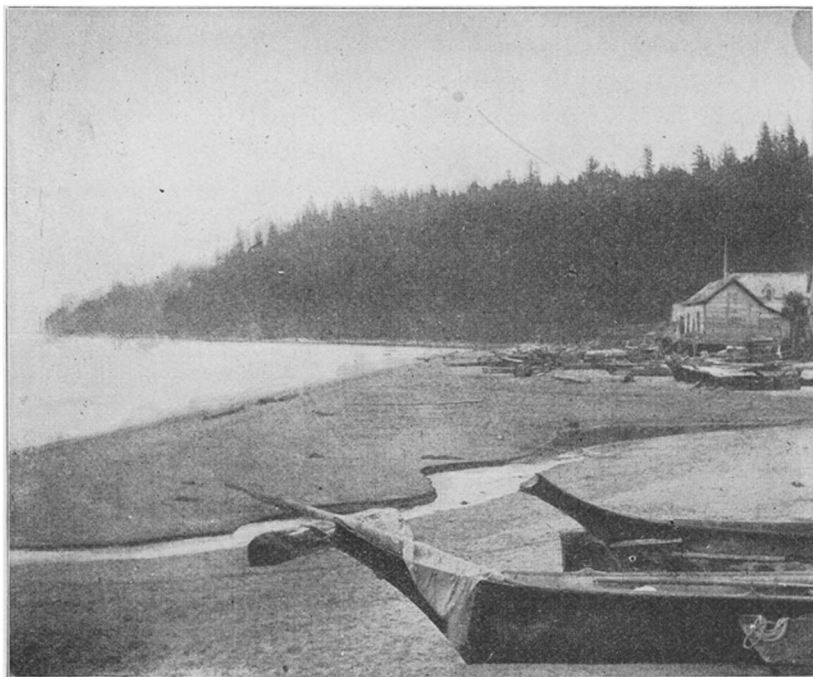
Morning found us steaming outward near the west shore of Admiralty Inlet. Birds were scarce on and over the water until we approached Port Townsend, on the division line between the Inlet and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Here birds

were everywhere, flying in all directions away from the approaching steamer. Perhaps the most numerous were the little Marbled Murrelets, reminding one of flying fish as they started up from the water on rapidly beating wings and skimmed the surface to drop upon the surface or dive when out of harm's way. Pigeon Guillemots were also numerous. A few California Murres, Tufted Puffins, Loons, Harlequin Ducks, and Holboell's Grebes were seen on the water, and flying about were Glaucus-winged and Western Gulls, Baird's Cormorants, and Northwest Coast Herons. It was interesting to watch the Northwest Crows feeding with and much in the same manner as the Gulls. Of course they did not rest upon the water nor snatch morsels of food from the water while flying, but they perched upon the floating drift-wood and gleaned from this and from the water, often standing beside the Gulls.

At Port Angeles the unloading of a monument to some departed Greatness consumed nearly half of the day and enabled us to make a brief exploration of that immediate region. Here were recorded Tree, Barn, Bank, Rough-winged and Violet Green Swallows; Yellow, Lutescent, and Pileolated Warblers; Nuttall's, and Western Chipping Sparrows; Shufeldt's Junco, Western Warbling Vireo, Western Flycatcher, Russet-backed Thrush, Western Martin, Rufous Hummingbird, and California Purple Finch; besides the water birds mentioned above. If the study had been pursued in the early morning instead of in the middle of the day there is little doubt that a larger list of species would have been secured. Most of the birds listed were in full song and some were evidently nesting.

All day long the scenery was obscured and often entirely hidden in the dense smoke of the forest fires. Occasional glimpses of the far snow-capped Olympics and the green verdure-clad nearer foot-hills fanned almost into flame again the longing to conquer this vast wilderness and mount its loftiest heights. Vancouver lay a dim haze along the northern shore.

Neah Bay is a Makah Indian village of some 500 inhabitants. It is at the head of the Strait navigation, situated upon a well protected but shallow bay, just inside the mouth of the Strait. There is a trading-post store here, but one should not depend upon securing many supplies for an outfitting here.



Store house at Neah Bay in the distance. Bows of Indian canoes in the foreground. The overhanging bow is carved to roughly resemble a deer's head.

The steamer tied up to the float about half-way between Widdah Island and the shore at half-past two Tuesday morning, nearly twenty-seven hours out from Seattle. Its immediate return made disembarkation necessary, but since daylight begins in this high latitude at this time of year about three o'clock the wait in the chill night air was short.

Our two Indian guides had reached the town of Neah Bay only the night before, after a tramp over the mountains consuming two days, and we saw nothing of them until the day was well advanced. A prolonged parley over the time, extent, and cost of the trip was followed by a further delay in securing the necessary equipment for the canoe, so that it was mid-afternoon before the last of the baggage was stowed away in the eighteen-foot cedar canoe and the four passengers had bored their way down to cramped seats upon the bottom. In the rough waters at the entrance of the Strait the importance of the high sides of the canoe became apparent and the skill of the Indians in avoiding breaking wave crests impressed us with calm confidence in the outcome of the trip as far as this sort of navigation had any bearing upon it.

Tatoosh Island guards the American side of the mouth of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and is one of the vastly numerous rocks which lie out in the Pacific marking the line of an ancient coast. Its precipitous sides preclude landing except on the narrow pebbly beach which lies between an outlying rock which is connected to it at low tide, and the main island. This beach faces the Strait and is fairly well protected by other outlying rocks. Here we landed about five in the afternoon for the first camp. The light-house and wireless station are responsible for the white inhabitants of this extensive rock, and three or four ancient Indian houses furnish a permanent residence for about a dozen Indians, and a temporary residence for many more during the fishing season. In the accompanying half-tone the Indian houses are dimly shown to the left of the government store house.

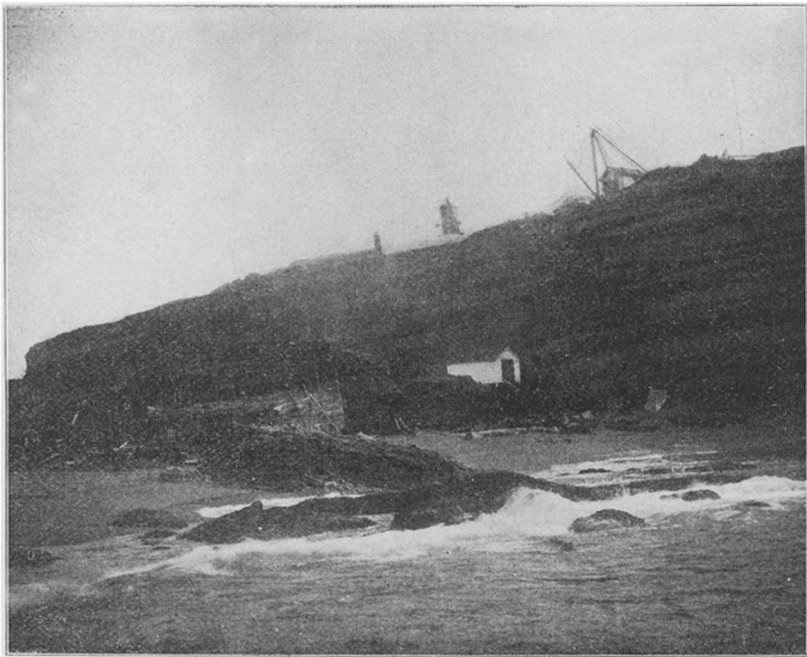
Naturally the bird population of this twenty-acre rock is not very extensive. The light keepers told us wonderful

stories of the vast numbers of birds which pass during the vernal migrations, and of strange night cries which we later learned to be those of Cassin's Auklet. During the remainder of the day and until nine o'clock the next we found twelve Black Oyster-catchers, many Baird's Cormorants making nests among the rocks below our reach, four pairs of Rusty Song Sparrows, four Black Swifts flying about over the island, five or more pairs of Barn Swallows nesting in the grottoes of the rocks and in caves, three Rough-winged Swallows, a single Sooty Fox Sparrow in full song, a single Northwest Crow, six Harlequin Ducks swimming about and feeding on the ocean side in places protected by the outlying rocks from the violence of the waves, numerous Glaucus-winged Gulls and Pigeon Guillemots, and a single Western Gull, all flying about. During the night we heard the weird call of Kæding's Petrel. Doubtless the Glaucus-winged Gulls nest somewhere about this island, but we were unable to find nests. A dense fog which amounted to rain a part of the time prevented much work on the parts of the island where the vegetation was more than knee-high and made the quest for burrows of the Petrel and Auklet in the turf fruitless.

Not until nine o'clock had the fog lifted sufficiently to make it safe to venture out upon the water. Once afloat and well away from this inhabited island birds became numerous in individuals though few in species. A flock of Northern Phalaropes, thirty or more individuals, swept past on their way northward. Wherever rocks were approached there two or more Black Oyster-catchers were standing guard and protesting our further advance. Glaucus-winged Gulls, Pigeon Guillemots, Baird's Cormorants, and Tufted Puffins were everywhere flying about or resting on the ocean. Loons and Herons were occasionally seen.

Some faint suggestion of the appearance of this bold coast can be conveyed by photographs, but one must navigate the waters in which they lie seated in the bottom of an Indian canoe to appreciate their magnificence, their ruggedness, and their numbers. Rocks which are uncovered only in the trough

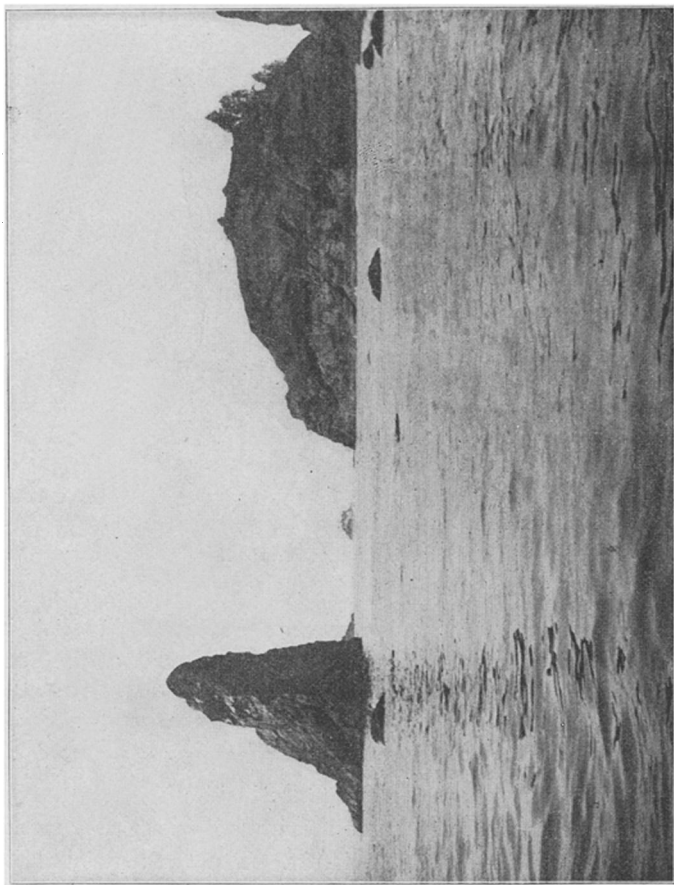
Tatoosh Island, with its powerful light, guards the entrance to the Strait. As an added safeguard to the many ships entering these inland waters a fully equipped wireless station has recently been established here, presaging the general use of the wireless system on this coast. A month's residence here during the height of the migration should be an interesting and valuable experience.



Our first camp on the beach at Tatoosh Island. Fog and smoke from the Indians' fires dim the rocks in the center. The tents at the right of the white beach storehouse, the Indian houses at the left.

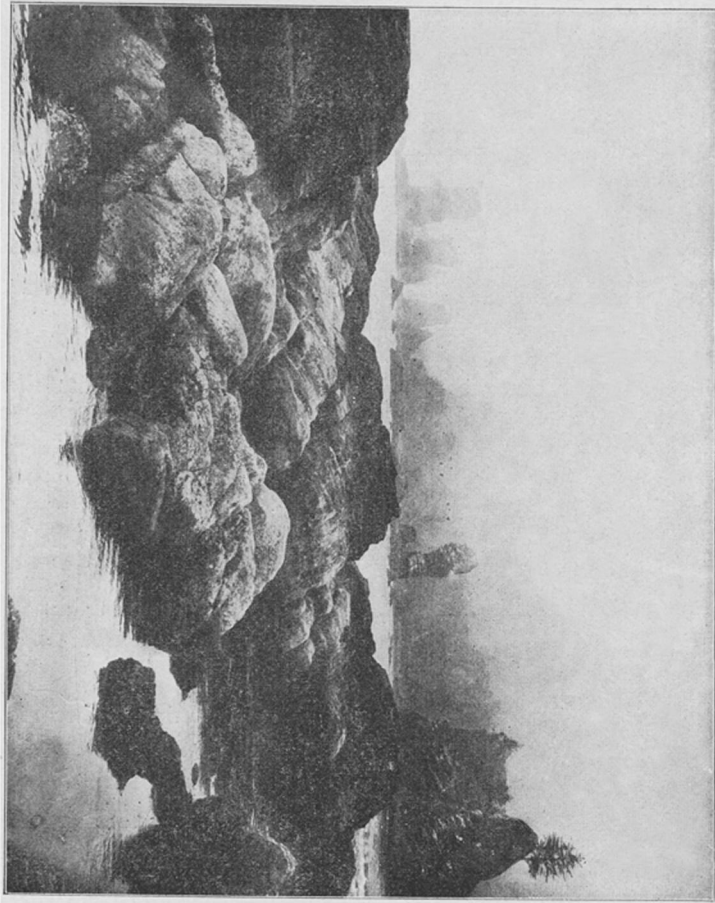
of the waves at low tide, showing black amid the churned water; rocks rising a few feet above the ocean surface completely washed by every wave; rocks with broad, waterworn shoulders in the center of which a narrow pinnacle rises twenty or more feet almost sheer skyward; rocks rising sheer from the waters and overhanging, narrowing toward the summit or with nearly parallel sides to the verdure-clad crest 200 feet from the water. The accompanying half-tones of a few which it was possible to photograph between fog banks, or partly wrapped within the fog, give but a sorry suggestion of what we were looking upon during nearly the entire day, June 5th, as our Indians rowed and paddled from the vantage point of Tatoosh Island to our Sandy Point Camp, about half the distance to LaPush.

The weather experts on Tatoosh Island had promised us fair weather for at least two days, but predicted that the presence of an extensive area of high pressure would cause long and high rolling swells. They shrugged their shoulders when we proposed launching forth in the 18-foot canoe with more than a ton of baggage. Their prediction was verified in every particular. Only the Indians and the writer felt the gnawings of hunger during the eight hours on the water. Very little water was shipped during the voyage, in fact rather less in quantity than the involuntary response to the call of the sea! Just inside the line of rocks which form the limits of the broad bay-like area bordering the beach at Sandy Point huge kelps fairly crowd each other and effectually bar the encroachment of any rough water. Once inside the line of kelps the water becomes glassy smooth with only long flat swells which die away almost immediately. The canoe wound its way along moderately clear channels in the kelp forests, avoiding scarcely submerged rocks, and poked its nose into a gently sloping sandy beach. Just beyond the storm wave line the beach presented the typical appearance of the region with its abundant supply of drift ranging all the way from splinters of wood to logs many feet in diameter. Bird voices



Some of the rocks at the Point of Arches.

The beauty of these outlying rocks is soul-stirring. One never sees them twice the same because the scene at each slight angle changes completely.



Fog obscured rocks. The partly obscured rock at the left is Fuca's Pillar.

This well illustrates the characteristic scene when the fog is only moderate, or erratic. The air can be clear and it can rival or surpass Cape Cod, or even London itself.

all about made preparations for the night irksome in the extreme.

Early morning revealed a wholly unexpected condition of the bay which we had entered. Instead of a level surface of glassy water we looked out upon a boulder strewn area acres in extent with only shallow pools of water here and there. Seaweed clung to the larger rocks or grew in masses on the sand, and crabs scurried to cover beneath rocks or within the masses of seaweed. Crows were reaping a rich harvest of the sea animals which were foolish enough to remain exposed. Clearly it would be some hours before the completely ebbcd tide would flow again enough to float the heavily loaded canoe over the rock summits. The delay was vexatious for some reasons but not altogether unwelcome since it afforded time to become familiar with the land birds of the region.

The Sandy Point list is small but fairly represents the common birds of a narrow belt fringing this coast. Rusty Song, Sooty Fox, and Nuttall's Sparrows were in full song and evidently nesting; Lutescent and Golden Pileolated Warblers were seen and heard many times; Western Winter Wren, Northwest Flicker, Rufous Hummingbird, Oregon Towhee, Russet-backed Thrush, California Purple Finch, and the Northwest Coast Heron constituted the list of land birds, adding the Crow before mentioned. The usual water birds were flying about.

At this camp the Crows were so fearless that it became necessary to watch our stock of provisions. No sooner was the waste food thrown out than there was a scramble of the Crows for it. Their numbers seemed to be unlimited. The ordinary call sounded like a cross between the call of our familiar eastern Crow and that of the Fish Crow of the Atlantic coast region. In habits these Crows more closely resemble the Fish Crow.

The water which Harry Hobucket, the younger Indian, brought to camp for cooking purposes deserves passing mention. In color it closely resembled strong coffee, but in flavor it was somewhere between a lumber yard and a slaughter

house. When thoroughly cooked and thinned out with rice or grapenut it proved very palatable! An Indian's perceptions of a white man's gustatory sensibilities are minus infinity.

Once afloat upon as calm a sea as one could hope for even on the famed Pacific, our way lay among rocks and islets alive with birds. It was hard to pass them by when so many superb pictures were floating about. The good days coming when a portable camera will be able to catch the pictures as the eyes see them—are they near at hand? Now we must be content with scarcely more than suggestions of the most that we see.

Our course lay to the Indian village of La Push, near the mouth of the Quillyute river, past Carroll Islet where the best part of our work was to be done. The story of this "Bird Paradise" will be told later.

THE BIRDS OF POINT PELEE.

BY P. A. TAVERNER AND B. H. SWALES.

(Continued from page 99.)

85. **Coccyzus americanus*.—Yellow-billed Cuckoo.

A common and well distributed species in all wooded sections of the Point. Noted May 13, 1905, to September 10, 1905. Likely later birds have been overlooked, as in the adjoining Michigan territory they remain in limited numbers until the end of the first week of October. During the first three days of September, 1906, both species were unusually abundant, but when we made our second visit from September 15 to the 22d, their numbers were much diminished, and none of this species were noted, and but few of the next. From May 30 to June 1, 1907, cuckoos were remarkably scarce, and the only indication of their presence on the Point was furnished by a small pile of feathers of one of this species that marked the place where one had been eaten by a hawk. During the first few days of the Sharp-shin flights of 1905-6 the cuckoos suffered severely under their depredations and, until the arrival of the Olive-backed and Gray-cheeked Thrushes, seemed to be the staple of their food supply.

86. **Coccyzus erythrophthalmus*.—Black-billed Cuckoo.

As far as we have been able to judge without carefully looking up every cuckoo noted, the two species are about equally divided in numbers on the Point. If anything the Black-bill is slightly in the minority. We have positively identified none later than September 14, 1905.